

We pick up the story as our heroes are investigating the school at night, and Rose and Sarah, left alone, start to row possessively about the Doctor. Possessively... and noisily! The Doctor hears them and rushes to the deserted classroom to see his two companions, past and present, engaged in an undignified verbal catfight.

‘Stop it,’ he says, ‘or I’ll spank the pair of you!’

But they cannot hear him over the sound of their own angry voices, so the Doctor has no option. He seizes Rose, sits on a school bench and takes her across his knee. For the next ninety seconds, the room is filled with the echoing sound of slaps and squeals.

Sarah laughs. ‘I can see there’s one thing about the Doctor that hasn’t changed,’ she says as he sets Rose on her feet. Rose shoots her a rueful look.

‘Not changed at all, oh no,’ says the Doctor, grabbing Sarah by the wrist. ‘And now it’s your turn.’

Sarah squeals as the Doctor turns her off balance and she lands facedown over his lap. Fifteen echoing smacks land across her firm round bottom, with corresponding yelps from her other end.

The Doctor releases Sarah and extends a stern finger. ‘Now stay in here and don’t make another sound. Both of you!’ And he goes off to continue his investigation alone.

‘So the Doctor used to spank you as well,’ says Rose, rubbing her sore bottom.

‘Still does, it seems,’ replies Sarah, likewise rubbing.

Rose raises a worry that has been nagging at her since Queen Victoria’s recommendation to the Doctor in the last episode. ‘Did he ever spank you on... you know... on the bare bum?’

‘Twice,’ says Sarah in a tone that discourages any further discussion. An uneasy silence descends on the classroom.

‘You know,’ offers Sarah, ‘every morning I used to say to myself, I must make sure I’m wearing pretty panties today, just in case...’

‘Tell me about it,’ says Rose with a watery smile. ‘I gave up wearing thongs because of the Doctor.’

Sarah’s eyes widen. ‘You never got...’

'Oh, no, I was lucky. But I thought, Rose Tyler, I thought, it's just not worth the risk, from now on it's Bridget Jones knickers for you.'

And so the two girls shed their initial animosity and settle down into the comradeship of the spanked. comparing notes on their experiences at the Doctor's hands and across his knee, with some raucous laughter. 'Stick with him, girl,' says Sarah Jane, 'Some things are worth not being able to sit down for a week.'

'I'm sorry to interrupt, ladies,' says the Doctor, poking his head around the classroom door. 'But, Rose, remember what you said about thinking the teachers all slept at the school? Well, the noise from in here has just woken them up. Run!'

We return to the story at Sarah's car, where she has a surprise for the delighted Doctor. 'K9!' he beams.

'He doesn't work any more,' says Sarah, a little sadly. 'He just conked out a few years ago... around the time Harriet Jones became Prime Minister.'

'You know, I think Mickey-boy probably had something to do with that,' says the Doctor brightly.

Panic crosses Mickey's eyes. 'I never...' he begins.

'I mean the virus I gave you to upload,' says the Doctor. 'Erased me from all the world's computers. K9 had to shut himself down for selfprotection.'

Mickey gives a silent sigh of relief and makes a mental note not to put off uploading the virus any longer, and do it as soon as he gets home...

On now to the allnight café. Rose and Mickey are getting themselves some food while the Doctor tinkers with K9 and catches up with Sarah. Eventually the robot dog jerkily raises his tin head and tries to speak.

The words are slurred and halting, but clear. 'Protocol 17,' he says.

'Does the naughty lady need a spanking then?' says the Doctor in his 'doggy' voice.

'No,' says Sarah, rubbing the seat of her jeans.

'Now scanning for appropriate authority,' falters K9. The Doctor clears his throat. 'Mickey Smith – negative,' continues the robot dog.

'Doctor, stop him,' says Sarah.

'Options include: Café Proprietor, name unknown,' continues K9. The Doctor raises an eyebrow. 'Mr Finch, Headmaster.' The Doctor's brow furrows. 'And the Doctor-Master.'

'About time too,' says the Doctor. 'Is he always this slow?' he asks Sarah. In his irritation he has missed the clue that Finch is within scanning distance, watching the scene from the top of the building opposite.

'Just override the wretched thing,' snaps Sarah.

'Can't do that,' says the Doctor. 'I programmed this protocol and it can't be countermanded. The only way's to go through with it. Best get it over with, eh?' He holds out a hand to Sarah, then swiftly withdraws it as a scorching burst of energy flares from K9's nose.

'Negative!' says K9. 'Await authorization from this unit! Suitability of candidates must be assessed!'

'What did you say, K9?'

'Suitability of candidates must be assessed!'

'You're not trying to say there might be someone here better suited than me to give Sarah Jane a good spanking?'

'I'll have a go if you like,' quips Rose, then gulps as the Doctor shoots her a look foretelling an uncomfortable time later.

'Proprietor's candidacy negligible,' says K9. 'Headmaster's case may have merit.'

'Doctor,' wails Sarah, 'you're not going to let him...'

'K9,' says the Doctor. 'To assess the Headmaster's candidacy, scan Deffry Vale School's punishment records.'

'Please wait while this unit complies,' says K9.

'He really does need an upgrade,' says the Doctor.

'Just....' begins Sarah. 'Can't you close him down again or something? Please?'

'Sorry,' says the Doctor. Sarah scowls. 'No, really. We need K9 to analyze that oil, even if he is slow.'

'And the only way to get his attention is...' Sarah tails off.

'... to fulfil the incomplete protocol. Which, let's face it, must be not only well deserved but also several years overdue. You're lucky he didn't declare Protocol 18 on you.'

Sarah shudders. Rose pipes up, 'What is Protocol 18 when it's at home anyway?'

The Doctor points a warning finger. 'It's what you'll have when we get back to the TARDIS if you don't behave yourself!'

If Rose has any retort to that, it's forestalled by a chirrup from K9. 'Scan complete and verified. Coefficient of Headmaster's relevant experience: zero.'

'Co-what?' asks Mickey.

'He means he doesn't think Sarah should be put in detention,' says the Doctor.

'That's alright then,' says Mickey.

'No,' say the Doctor and Sarah in unison.

'The Doctor-Master is now authorized to proceed with chastisement.'

'Here goes, then,' says the Doctor, as he puts Sarah across his knee. 'This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you.'

'Doctor,' says Sarah, 'aren't you going to do that thing with my trousers?'

'What thing's that then?' From her horizontal position, Sarah mimes her jeans being peeled down. 'Oh, you mean the Pethlan fabric manipulation technique.'

'Yes,' says Sarah urgently. 'Quickly.'

'You don't mean to say you actually \*want\* to be spanked half naked – and in front of Rose and Mickey?'

'Just get on with it, Doctor, please!'

'Sorry, I lost the knack centuries ago.' He looks across at Rose and mutters, 'Maybe I should get back into practise.'

'Intervention necessary to ensure effectiveness of chastisement,' says K9. A bolt of blue energy streaks from his nose. Sarah's jeans evaporate, leaving her with bare legs and white flowered panties covering her bottom. Sarah buries her face in her hands. Rose tries unsuccessfully to cover Mickey's eyes too.

'I see some things haven't changed,' says the Doctor. 'Now let's get on with it, shall we?' And raising his hand, he administers a swift, smart spanking to Sarah's

decorated bottom. All her composure disappears, and before long she is squealing and kicking with abandon. Rose can't stop a smirk from spreading across her face.

'Chastisement complete!' says K9 after a few minutes, and the Doctor lets Sarah up.

'Cheer up, Sarah,' says the Doctor. 'And now we have your attention, K9, would you be so good as to identify this?' He smears the oil sample on the robot dog's probe.

'Analysis will take 1.34 minutes precisely,' says K9.

'Yes, I know, you're not as quick as you were.' Then he sees that Sarah is still crying. 'Hey, come on, it's over now. And while it lasted, at least it was like old times!'

Sarah gestures at her lower half. 'How am I going to get home like this?' she wails. 'The first time it happened, I got arrested. After that I kept a pair of shorts in my handbag, just in case. But I stopped bothering after K9 broke down...'

'I wouldn't be seen dead in those knickers, either,' says Rose. 'Last pair in the drawer, were they?'

'Do you mind?' snaps Sarah.

'Arguments later,' says the Doctor firmly.

'But she's just said...'

'LATER! Unless you want Protocol 18. Both of you!' He puts out an admonitory finger first to Sarah, then Rose.

'I still don't know what...' begins Rose.

'Don't ask,' says Sarah.

'Analysis complete,' announces K9, and the Doctor receives the information.

'Now, K9, I want you to...' He leans down and whispers while the others look awkwardly at one another. Then he straightens up. 'Right, Rose, Mickey, get your trousers off!'

'What?'

'The only way Sarah can get home safely... where I trust she has a spare pair of strides...' Sarah nods. 'Good,' he smiles. '... is not to stand out for her lack of, er,

attire. Which is why K9 has just flooded the internet with the news that today is National No Pants Day...' He senses three pairs of widening eyes in the room. 'I mean, No Trousers, that is...'

'Great!' says Mickey. In a moment he is in his shorts. Rose seems a lot less keen. 'Come on, Rose,' Mickey cajoles her. 'If Sarah Jane has to go home in her knickers, then the least you can do is join in.'

'And since you saw fit to criticize my panties,' adds Sarah, 'now you can show us how much better your taste is.'

Rose clutches protectively at the belt of her jeans and shakes her head defiantly.

'K9!' says Sarah authoritatively.

'Mistress?'

'Disintegrate Rose's trousers!'

'Affirmative, mistress!'

In a trice, Rose is standing there, still clutching her belt, but with nothing on her legs... and everyone can see her pink panties with their decorative pattern of yellow flowers. They look not at all dissimilar to the white pair currently adorning Sarah Jane.

'Hoo boy,' says Mickey, 'are you in trouble now.'

'Wouldn't be seen dead in them,' says Sarah icily. 'Last pair in the drawer...'

'OK,' says Rose. 'They were, as a matter of fact....'

'K9,' says Sarah. 'Take Rose to the nearest figure of authority and see that she gets a good spanking.'

'Query, mistress. Nearest figure of authority is yourself.'

'I mean the next nearest.' She nods her head towards the Doctor a few feet away. 'Putting her over my knee might be a very satisfying task but just at the moment I'm not able to, er, do it.' She rubs her thinly clad and unsittable bottom.

Before K9 can reply, the Doctor's hand reaches out and activates a hidden 'off' switch. 'Carry on like that and he'd put you back under Protocol 17 before long,' he says. 'Now, Rose, come here!'

'But Doctor...!'

‘No buts. Sarah’s right: you’ve been stirring it and you do deserve a spanking.’

A moment later, Rose’s pink, flowery bottom is upended over the Doctor’s lap. The Doctor deftly unbuckles her belt, winds it up and deposits it in his pocket. ‘Might need that later,’ he says. And then the flowery seat of her panties vibrates as his hand smacks down, again and again. Sarah looks grimly satisfied. Mickey folds his arms and smiles, but as he’s pantsless and it’s a family show, the camera stays above his waist so we’ll never know exactly how pleased he is to see this.

Finally Rose is released from her horizontal position. The Doctor fixes her and Sarah in a steely look. ‘Right,’ he says, ‘this ends now. Now, do you understand? If I see any more bickering, if I hear just one more snide remark from either of you, I shall spank you both on your bare bottoms ... hard! Got that?’

‘But...’ says Rose, then bites back the protest.

‘Yes, Doctor,’ says Sarah, then holds her breath in the hope that her instant obedience won’t be spotted for what it was, an instinctive act of oneupwomanship.

The Doctor looks them each in the eye, then gives a firm nod. ‘OK, gang. Now let’s get back to Sarah’s. We’ve got work to do tomorrow, and some of us need to get dressed...’

For the rest of the story, Rose and Sarah make pointed efforts to get along. When they’re working on the classroom computers, Rose lets slip a sarcastic comment about Sarah’s age, just as she does on television; but Sarah responds by mouthing the phrase ‘bare bottom’, and Rose duly zips her lip.

We move on now to the final scenes. Sarah refuses the Doctor’s offer to return to the TARDIS, and there is just a slight sense that the prospect of further spankings may perhaps have something to do with her decision. Mickey asks to come with them, and there is more than a slight sense that what’s likely to happen to Rose has a lot to do with his decision. And then the Doctor and Sarah go outside.

Sarah says goodbye, and the Doctor responds with ‘Oh, it’s not goodbye.’ But when Sarah insists that this time he must say it, he replies, ‘No, I really mean it’s not goodbye. And I’ve got a surprise for you.’ He puts his lips together and whistles silently. From behind the TARDIS comes K9. ‘Fully refurbished,’ he beams. ‘And with one big modification.’

‘And no Protocol 17, I hope!’ says Sarah, not really believing she could be so lucky.

'That's the big modification.' Sarah's eyebrows shoot up. 'I'm sorry, it was a bad idea.'

'Good of you to admit it.'

'So I've replaced it with something more effective.'

'Which is...?' Sarah feels her confidence starting to ebb a little.

'A space-time telegraph. I once gave one to the Brigadier...' His face darkens slightly. '...who used it to call us halfway across the galaxy to deal with some trifling problem about oil, remember?'

'Oil and Zygons,' says Sarah, smiling at the memory of old times.

'Yes, well, I've decided that I can't go on making total strangers do my work for me.' Sarah's smile starts to fade. 'So in future, whenever you deserve a spanking, K9 will send a signal, and I'll come and give it to you.'

'You?' says Sarah, suddenly realizing that she finds this version of the Doctor quite attractive.

'Well, whichever one of me is nearest and available,' says the Doctor. Sarah's face falls a little. 'I hope you don't get my sixth incarnation - I was very strict back then.'

Sarah opens her mouth, but can't find words.

'Well, au revoir, then,' says the Doctor, stepping into the TARDIS. 'I would say behave yourself, but then it would be goodbye. And I know you better than that...' And with that, the door closes and the police box fades away. Sarah and K9 walk sadly back to her home and a new life.